I LOVE NO LASSIE BUT MY LASS.

Words and Music by

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I LOVE NO LASSIE BUT MY LAS

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EDITH KINGSLEY.

PIANO.

mf

They say that I'd win fame and for - - -
There's none half so sweet in Kil - lar - - -

- tune If I would but cross o'er the sea And
- ney And none there with eyes half so blue She'd

leave dear old Ire - land be - hind me A Pres - i - dent
say Lad - dies" noth - ing but blar - - ney Still the Rogue sure she

may be I'd be But then las - sie she wont go
knows it is true So I think that I'll be af - ter

mD

with me And leave the old folks all a - lone Do you
stay - - - ing For there's too ma - ny lads roam - ing now Sure a -

think then I'd be af - ter roam - - - ing And
way from the lakes and old Ire - - - land We

leav - ing her here all a - - lone For
would'nt be hap - py no how

CHORUS: Tempo di Valse.

I love no las - sie but my lass She loves no

lad but me And sure I will stay right here with

her. And not roam a - way o'er the sea For

I could not live there with - out her She would be

lone - ly from me For I love no las - sie but

my lass And she loves no laddie but me.

rall.

rall.

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